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*Discommendatory* VERSES,

ON THOSE

Which are Truly Commendatory,

ON THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

Two ARTHURS,

AND THE

Satyr against WIT.

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*Laudat, amat, cantat nostros mea Roma Libellos,  
Meg; sinus omnes, me manus omnis habet.  
Ecce! rubet quidam, palles, stupet, oscitat, odit,  
Hoc volo, nunc nobis Carmina nostra placent.*

Mart.

---

LONDON:

Printed in the Year, MDCC.

6. April.

Discommemendatory VERSES  
 The  
 Which are Truly Commemendatory  
 ON THE  
 AUTHOR  
 OF THE  
 TWO ARTHURS  
 AND THE  
 SATYR against WIT.

Hoc solo, tunc nobis Carmina nosse placent.  
 Ecce! rubet quidam, pillea, super, oclat, oclat.  
 Meq; furem omnes, me mania omnis habet.  
 Lander, arot, carat, nosse nos Roma Libello.

Mart.

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## The Preface.

**A**S it requires not much Thought to find out the Author of the Dedication to the Commendatory Verses, so there is no necessity of much Pains to return an Answer to it. Since Follies are known to People who are unprejudic'd by their first appearance, and there is occasion for no other Method to find 'em out, than a true knowledge of the Gentleman who is abus'd. The Dedicator has long since been conversant in Scandal, and Abuses are as familiar to him as it is to be abus'd: We shall therefore leave him a while for his Masters who set him at Work, and distinguish'd him, by giving him the Title of Secretary to the Confederates at Will's Coffee-house. They may be fine Gentlemen for all that I know in their Chambers, and pretty Conversation for the Ladies they Dress themselves up for; their Coaches may make a noble Appearance, and their Footmen's Hatbands may, like their Masters, rise up and take leave of the Crowns of their Hats; their Perukes may be well adjust'd, and their Persons set off to the greatest Advantage; yet for all this Sir Richard Blackmore might chuse whether or no he would be laugh'd at for running into their Commendations. Several of 'em are Quality by their Cloths, but forfeit the Name by their Expressions. They have reason perhaps to boast of the Lady's Favours, but will never have any (till they Write better) to brag of the Reader's. In short, if they are Gentlemen, it's more than their Verses speak 'em to be; and 'tis manifest, that they who have chosen Tom Blount for their Leader, fall not a Tittle short of coming up to his admirable Qualifications. Ev'ry individual Man is a Giant in Scandal, and shews his Teeth to a Miracle, but what they would have done, had not the Gentleman they bark'd at been a Physician, it is not in our Power to divine. Bills, Pills, and Kills, are excellent Rhimes; and they had lost the greatest part of their Endeavours after Satyr, had Sir Richard been without that Title, which as it has done him Honour, so he has amply return'd it on the Profession by the Regularities and Success of his Practice. But we have taken the liberty to give some Account of their Works, and ought to do the same by our own; and since in some Places we may be accus'd for running into the same Faults we blame them

## The PREFACE.

them for, we ought to make what Excuses we can for so doing. We have endeavour'd to answer ev'ry individual Copy as the Nature of 'em seem'd to require. The Scurrilous we have return'd a suitable Roughness to, and to the Dull (which are not very few) a Contempt which is proper for 'em. But where their Verses have seem'd too long for Epigrams, which they were design'd for, we have either answer'd 'em with those that are shorter, or made two or three on the same Subjects; and though the Covent-Garden Wits may make Cuckolds of those Citizens which are Old and Superannuated, yet we hope we have giv'n such a Specimen of our Performance in the following Sheets, that they cannot make Fools of those which are Young. And let their Editor be, as soon as he thinks fit, out with the Verses he promis'd us on Job and Habbakuk, unless he answers 'em himself, he shall not stay so long for our Answer as he has been endeavouring at the performance of his Promise. In the mean time since his Motto speaks him to be a Reader of Martial, without doubt he has met with the following Epigram, which we desire him to apply to himself; and have render'd into English for his Service.

Festive credis te Calliodore joculari,

Et solum multo permaduuisse sale.

Omnibus arrides, dicteria dicis in omnes,

Sic te Convivam posse placere putas.

At si ego non belle sed vere dixero quiddam,

Nemo propinabit Calliodore Tibi.

Brown Thou believ'st Thou'rt famous for a Jest,

And none like Thou, for Wit, can bear the Test;

Thou flatter'st All, on All Thou sling'st Thy Spight,

Thus think'st Thy Company must needs delight:

But if I speak what's Truth, though course and plain,

Thou ne'er will't have thy Reck'ning paid again.

Dis-

Discommendatory VERSES,

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Two ARTHURS,

AND THE

Satyr against WILL.

*A Short and True History of a certain  
Captain-General.*

**B**Y Nature Small, and of a Dwarfish Breed,  
Peevish was sent to School, to Write and Read;  
Where brib'd by Gifts the Pedagogick Don  
Abus'd the Father, and Deceiv'd the Son;  
As for a fresh Reward he prais'd his Child,  
And grasp'd one's Sugar, as he t'other spoil'd.  
Thence, swol'n with Figures, and possid with Tropes,  
On *Isis* he bestow'd his Parents Hopes;

B

And

And there H'had scarce put on the Tufted-Gown,  
 And wildly view'd the Colleges and Town,  
 But Fortune, who no time would let him lose,  
 Gave him a Royal Infant for his Muse ;  
 And Him he sung with Whimfies in his Brains,  
 Praising a borrow'd Prince, with borrow'd Strains.

Next, when the Doubtful Times were chang'd He saw  
 He left the *Son*, to praise the *Son in Law*;  
 And with his Righteous Undertaking warm'd,  
 He star'd, and in Pindarick Frenzie storm'd ;  
 As wisely He the Brongest Tide cavels'd,  
 And curs'd the Babe his selfish Lays had Blas'd.  
 All Matters fix'd, and likely to remain  
 In favour of the Great Nassovian's Reign,  
 The Dapper 'Squire revolving in his Thought,  
 That he that Rhim'd, not pleas'd as he that Fought;  
 To Arms, as fast as Legs would carry, ran,  
 And Fretfully resolv'd to be a Man.  
 And since no Spark had walk'd up High-street bolder,  
 The Fellow-Commoner turn'd Fellow-Soldier;  
 In Camps pursuing what in Schools h'had read,  
 As he Lampoon'd the very Foes he Fled.

But Heav'n, least some mischievous Ball should hit  
 This little Prodigy of Rhimes and Wit,  
 Put it in William's thoughtful Head to make  
 A Peace, and fight no more for Fighting's sake ;  
 Thence he return'd, and a rich Father Dead,  
 Fatten'd the growing Maggots in his Head,  
 As he wrote Epigrams for Ladies Smiles,  
 And govern'd in B<sup>ow</sup>-street the Leeward Isles.

And now he rides a Tiptoe in his Coach,  
 Frowning at every Hack that dares approach;

As he by Prince and Subject both prefer'd,  
 Is own'd a Patron, and admird a Bard;  
 A Patron fit for Brown's and Ma—'s Flights,  
 If he Rewards no better than he Writes.

To the Poetical Knight, who would have no Body  
 spoil Paper but Himself.

A Pox on Rhimes and Physick, <sup>sed</sup> by cry'd,  
 (And he had Sense and Reason on his side;)

For both of Rhimes and Physick H' had his fill,  
 And swallow'd more than ev'ry Verse a Pill.

A Doctor coming by, and loath to lose

A Knight so Famous for a P— and Muse,

Offer'd him means to give his Knighthood ease,

And make the radicated Torments cease.

Vile Quack, said he, go patch up Mother Q—'s Les,

Sir Richard turn Prescriber to Sir Ch—'s Le?

It shall not be, jog Homeward if you please,

I'll have no Paper spoil'd on my Dileale.

The Doctor cry'd, 'Tis true, th' Infection's such,

Twill certainly discolour't with a Touch;

But I'll affirm, and so withdrawing said,

My Papers may, but Thou canst neer be Spoil'd.

To the Prosaick POET, occasion'd by the  
 following Lines:

Thy Satyrs Bite not, but like Alop's Ass,

Thou Kick'st the Darling whom thou would'st Caress.

Is plain that Wit at that's very scarce,  
 By the poor Contradictions of thy Verse;

Else surely some Acquaintance would have made  
Those Hobbling Lines speak Sense, which Sense upbraid;  
But thou brim full of emptiness of Thought,  
Betray'st thy self, and by thy self art caught:  
As thou art fashion'd for a standing Jest,  
And giv'st us the Reverse of *Aesop's* Beast;  
Who should, if *Blackmore's* Folly thou'dst have shown,  
Care'st the Man he'd Kick, as Thou hast done.

---

**A** The Noble *Corrected*, or *Advice to a Quality Com-*  
*mentator, who Writes in Defence of Greek Epi-*  
*stles as if he understood em.*

**L**ET *Bos* write on, and still d d a Man of Letters,  
Prefer Dull Heavy Authors to their Betters;  
Let him His own to *Bos*'s Sense oppose,  
And knowing little fancy much he knows;  
Let *Dennis* in his Commendation strain,  
And *Codron* praise him, to be prais'd again.  
Let ev'ry Wit, and ev'ry Beau declare  
What his bright Genius is, and what They are;  
As some commend his Parts, and some his Cloths,  
Let him be any thing they please in Prose.

---

But ye, who seemingly appear his Friends,  
And basely flatter him for sordid Ends,  
Perswade him to avoid the Muses Hill,  
And cease to Wound himself, who'd others Kill.  
For it's enough that he in Prose is Brave,  
And Butchers many an Author in his Grave,  
That against *Tumby* and *Bos*'s Worth he joyns,  
And plays the *Vyndictive* to a *Tyrant's* Dince.

*To the Sorry Poetaster at Will's Coffee-House.*

**P**Rithee, dear Scribbling Doctor, why so short?  
 Rail on if thou'd'st have ~~Blasphemy~~ <sup>we</sup> thank thee for't:  
 Be permanent in Censure and Dispraise,  
 And grinning shew thy Teeth ten Thousand ways:  
 For 'tis acknowledg'd by the Court and Town,  
 Nothing can make him smile like M~~rs~~ Frown.  
 He Patients has, 'tis true, which often Die,  
 And so, thou'd'st vainly say perhaps, have I.  
 But Quack, 'tis false, thy Self-destroying Pill  
 Ne're had it in its Pow'r as yet to kill,  
 And as for Patients which thou Dead would'st own,  
 Thou hast as many *Living*, that is *none*.

*An Equal Match, or the Drawn Battle.*

**I**F Bards would have a Shortliv'd Poem writ,  
~~P<sup>er</sup>cock~~ should dictate *Rules*, and ~~T<sup>he</sup>mb~~ Wit;  
 Like which no Mortal piece can e're be found  
 With Lines of Constitution so unsound.  
 But that where ~~T<sup>he</sup>mb~~ shall a *Judge* commence,  
 To file the Rust of *Wit* from ~~P<sup>er</sup>cock's~~ Sence.

**S**ome Scribbling Poets as I  
 Never can die, although they always aim  
 And storm, and swear, and drink and write for Fame.  
 What star between em, or what Planet shines  
 To keep the lucky Goddess from their Lanes;  
 Let those decide, who have it in their sphere,  
 Doubtless they err, because they persevere.

But

*To the Noble Captain, who was in a Damn'd Confounded Pet, because the Author of the Satyr against Wit, was pleas'd to Pray for his Friend, occasion'd by this Distich.*

*His Mercy, not his Justice, made thee Knight,  
Which P——r may demand with equal Right.*

**B** Old Man of War, the drift of thy Designs?  
And let us know the meaning of thy Lines.  
If Mercy is a Suffrance of a Fact,  
How comes it then to give Rewards, and act?  
Define, and tell us when thou art in the right,  
And own that Mercy spares, but cannot Knight.  
P——r and Thou may be forgot and spar'd,  
He for a Traytor, thou a Senseless Bard.  
Yet neither can atone for either's Crimes,  
He for his Foolish Plot, or Thou for Rhymes.  
Though D——ke to purge thy Muse shou'd Physick send,  
Or S——d should absolve him as a Friend.

*To the Inviolably Dull Critick, on his Heroical Strains upon the Satyr against Wit.*

**S**ome Scribbling Fops as D——is is by Name,  
Never can hit, although they always aim,  
And Storm, and Swear, and Drink, and Write for Fame.  
What Star prevents 'em, or what Planet shines,  
To keep the Lucky Goddes from their Lines;  
Let those decide, who have it in their Sphere,  
Doubtless they err, because they persevere.

But

But thou, my crabbed piece of blustering Wit.  
 Erring do'st think the wish'd for Mark is hit;  
 And, Pox upon thy Judgment and thy Skull,  
 Labour'st to be thought intricate and dull.  
 For shame, Grave Don, 'tis time that thou wert wiser,  
 Having seen Years enough before thine Eyes,  
 E'en do, as Men of Ancient standing shou'd,  
 Or understand, or else be understood,  
 Since 'tis in vain to shew thy fruitless spight,  
 And thou can'st find less Faults, than thou can'st write.

---

*To a Rhimer, who if he takes pains, Writes as  
 if he did not.*

**W**HO e're Thou art, to Me and Sense unknown,  
 Correct not others Follies but thy own;  
 Nor dare to Censure *Rhetorick's* healing Arts,  
 Or point at G——n's Wit thy Leaden Darts.  
 What have they done to call thy Nonsense forth,  
 And make thee shew thy Penury of Worth?  
 Or how could B——*lackne*re's Muse deserve thy Spight,  
 Unless it was for teaching thee to write?

Prithee, for shame acknowledge this Offence,  
 And own 'em Men of Skill, and Men of Sence.  
 But Oh ! Kind Heav'n forbid it that thy Quill  
 Should dare attempt their Judgment or their Skill,  
 That thou should'st rise and injure 'em with praise,  
 And stab their Reputations with thy Lays,  
 For nothing but the poison of thy Lines,  
 Defeats their Cure, and mocks their great Designs.

*A Modest Request to the Poetical Squire.*

**S**INCE You to Poetry will make pretence,  
 And H—ly'll be a Wit in H—ly's Sence,  
 As you resign'd to Dullness, in your Chair,  
 Think on foul Lines to gratifie the Fair :  
 Long may you Rhime, and on your Lute and Spinner  
 Play many a woful Tune with nothing in it.

But in return my dear Facetious Squire,  
 For once to gratifie a Friends desire,  
 Think as I do, you'll fling your Verses in the Fire.

*To a L<sup>or</sup>-d who would be a Saint, if he was as free  
 from all other Sins, as he is from Hypocrisie.*

**A**DVICE to P<sup>er</sup>—rs, th<sup>e</sup> Adviser's Zeal may prove,  
 But ne'er like Praise can swell 'em into Love.  
 Then give me leave to do the thing that's safe,  
 And fling away some Verse in your Behalf.

That you have Travell'd, is exceeding true,  
 And that your L<sup>ord</sup>-p's Muse hath Teeth to shew,  
 But among all the Frolicks you have shewn,  
 Religion is a Trick you ne'er have known.

*To a Lady dignified and distinguish'd by the Name, of  
 Critick and Poet, on Her incomprehensible Rarities  
 on the Satyr against Wit.*

**B**ELIEVE me, Madam, that your Muse has shown  
 So foul a Face, I beg you'd hide your own ;

And

And if you'r real Quality be Civil,  
For ~~P~~<sup>W</sup> and ~~A~~<sup>W</sup>se all over is the Devil.

That you're no Pious Lady is confess'd,  
By making *Wells's* Sacred Work your Jest;  
Which (tho' it does not with the Witty take)  
Might please the Wife for its great Subjects sake.  
Not but I think you've been at Church sometimes,  
Because you write of Sextons and of Chimes;  
But that you are a Woman few can tell.  
So right, as those you think you praise so well.

For Heaven's sake, Madam, qualifie this Fit,  
Some speak you Nobly Born, and yet a Wit?  
Nor let me be successless in my Prayer,  
A Muse should not take up a Lady's care;  
For 'tis a Composition most absurd,  
That's made of Rhimes, of Woman, and of Turd.

---

*To an Author, who never wrote but two Distichs  
and an half, and those could not pass Muster.*

**Y**OU bid me take my Pen again, 'tis true,  
But I shall scarce request the same of You.  
Five Lines already have your Judgment shewn,  
Tho' you'd be more esteem'd for writing none;  
And if excess of *Dubie's* Life can give,  
You need not scribble Knight, you'r sure to Live.

D

Occasion'd

*Occasion'd by the News that Tom B---n had the  
Courage to Engage with Sir Richard Blackmore,  
after his Bookseller had Defeated him.*

**W**hen B---n Contending I with R---n,  
I wonder d, but not pitty'd either side;  
Well knowing, if they were of Scratching sick,  
Abel could buy, and Tom could beg a Stick.

Next came a Dun, and at his Garret stood,  
He'd have his Money truly that he would;  
But still I could not pity him, as knowing  
Tom would soon find a Trick to send him going.

But when I saw him brandishing his Mule,  
The Bad to Flatter, and the Good Abuse,  
With Pity then, and much Concern, I cry'd,  
Tom, Do'st thou know what Folly's on thy side?  
Give the fierce waspish Col'nel back his Gold,  
Nor let thy Praise be bought, thy Lies be sold;  
Blackmore and Joe (believe me) will subdue  
Ten Thousand such Malicious Fiends as You.

**Y**ou did me take my Pen again, tis true,  
How? Said the Bard, Most excellent Advice!  
A Poet, and be Master of a Sine?  
Find out that Place where ere I paid one Score,  
Then I'll return the Guinea's, not before.

*A Tale taken to pieces.*

**I**F Shallow Criticks, as your pleas'd to say,  
Judge Tully when at Poetry at Play,

And

And Ignorance would censure and suppose  
 He ne'er had been a *Consul* but for Prose:  
 How comes it then that *Cæsar*, who's confest  
 To know the Man, and know his Talent best,  
 Who in Fame's List for Judgment is enroll'd,  
 (Whether you mean the Modern or the Old)  
 Should with the *Shallow* for a Judge be brought,  
 And make their Sence authentick with his Thought.

O Youth, tho' sweet and flowing be thy Song,  
 Thy Numbers be cautious, and thy Beauties strong;  
 Tho' Force and Ease alternately appear,  
 And Fancy glads the Sight, and charms the Ear;  
 Yet, if amidst thy Turns of Verse and Thought  
 Mistake should blend, or Hast neglect a Fault;  
 If uncorrected Errors shall be found  
 T'offend our Senses, or our Judgments wound;  
 As to be fearless, is not to be Brave,  
 And Squire's a Noble, while a Knight's a Slave;  
 In vain you measure out your fruitless Lays,  
 And gloss your want of Sence with gilded Praise;  
 For if you'd write with Credit and Success,  
 You must mind Judgment more, and Friendship less.

---

To Codron's and the Lady's Humble Servant.

NOT that I blame your Flattery, or your Spleen,  
 But prithee give's the Sence of what you mean:  
 Can *Blackmore* write without Design, or Art,  
 And yet design a — at Codron's Heart?  
 Unthinking Bard! stuff'd up with Praise and Spight,  
 Gravely consider next before you write;  
 And if you'd shew a Man of Sence and Stile,  
 Bring other Vouchers than a Lady's Smile:  
 For if I know 'em well, they'd rather chuse  
 His *P<sup>le</sup>* to divert 'em than his *Muse*.

To the same, on the same Subject.

**C**ODRON may please the Ladies, as he writes,  
And pretty things for pretty things he writes;  
But Thou be damned, and fling away thy Pen;  
Such Fops as Thou, can never please the Men.

To the same, occasion'd by the Verse which reflects  
on Dr. Gibbons. (viz.)

He will his Health to Mirmil's Care resign.

**F**RIEND, by my Soul, the Devils in thy Quill,  
Or Thou wouldst never write and judge so ill;  
For whilst thou Laugh'st at Gibbons's skill, tis sure,  
Thou stand'st in need thy self of *Tyson's Cure*.  
Nor would the Youth, the Subject of thy Song,  
Accept thy Flatteries, or permit thy Tongue  
To blast his Credit with defaming Praise,  
And take Lechargick *Opas* from thy *Lays*;  
Was He the Man thy Rhimes would have him be,  
Or Thou the Man for whom he judges thee.

\* Dr. Tyson is Physician to Bethlem Hospital.

### An Epigram on Dr. Ch<sup>thw</sup>ood.

**P**oor Job was plag'd, of Holy Men the best,  
But Ch<sup>thw</sup>ood *sins*, and in this Life is *Bless'd*;  
With Losses he, and Pains, and Fire was vex'd,  
And he divides Fat Capons with his Text.  
One had a Fiend and Woman to persuade,  
But t'other He can Curse without their aid.  
As he delights to play the Tempter's part,  
And labours to be Damn'd with all his Heart.  
When having lost the Preacher in the Beast,  
He shews the Devil, who should act the Priest.

*An Answer to a great many Impertinent Questions.*

**M**E thinks you take too much upon you, Sir,  
 And tho' you stirring stink, you needs must stir;  
 Else, why so many Foolish Queries brought  
 T'upbraid the Querist's want of Sence and Thought?  
 That he found fault with Wit, is very true,  
 But, Captain, what a Pox is that to you?  
 Untouch'd by Satyr you may safely pass,  
 Unless to be a Wit's to be an A<sup>ss</sup>.

*To the same upon his calling Sir R<sup>t</sup> B<sup>uck</sup>ing's Com-  
 posures, Coffee Rhimes.*

**I**F Coffee does Awake the Senses keep,  
 And guards our Eye-lids from approaching Sleep,  
 Well hast thou giv'n the Doctor's Rhimes the Name,  
 And prais'd his Merits, which thou would'st defame;  
 For we with wakeful Pleasure can peruse,  
 And meditate the Beauties of his Muse,  
 When Thy Composures we for Opiats take,  
 And only run em o're for Sleepings sake.

*To the Quibbling, Drib'ling, Scribbling Poetaster,  
 who has let himself out for Scandal to the Wits at  
 Will's Coffee-House.*

**B**E not puff'd up with Punning, Friend of mine,  
 I've Slept over many Jest's as good as thine;  
 And tho' at present thou may'st strut and stare,  
 Blown up with Treats and Covent-Garden Air;  
 Yet when their Turns are serv'd, believe it, then  
 Spark thou must Dine on Smoak at How's again;  
 So different is thy wretched State from his,  
 Thou hast been Ush, but never can'st be Phiz.

To the same Trifling Fellow, T<sup>m</sup> B<sup>m</sup>n.

**D**AME Fortune's just, malicious Fool, I see  
By what sh<sup>e</sup> has done for *Blackmore*, and for thee.  
He in his Chariot, which is paid for, sits,  
And dares the feeble Spleen of Thredbare Wits,  
Who just likethou brush'd out in Tally Suit,  
Laugh at his Coach, but Rascals, laugh a foot.  
E'en take thy fill, and play a Zany's part,  
And censure Judgment, and reflect on Art,  
While he by Parents, and by Children blest'd,  
By Husbands pray'd for, and by VVives carest'd,  
Brings Health and Safety at the Patient's call,  
And rises when thou canst not lower fall.

Upon seeing a Man wipe his Ass with T<sup>m</sup> B<sup>m</sup>n's  
Satyr against the French King.

**I**F shitten Lines should wipe a shitten Ass,  
Thomas, the Man does Justice to thy Verse;  
As it was Born, whatever thou mayst think,  
Thy Ballad makes its Exit too in Stink.  
When Mortal Man is buried, then the Word  
Is Dust to Dust, but here it's Turd to Turd.

An Epigram, occasion'd by Mr. B<sup>m</sup>-dy's, about  
his Friend Mr. Tate.

**P**RIThee, my gentle Man of Crape, and Pray'r,  
Why so concern'd, and full of Noise and Care?  
Tate, 'tis allow'd, makes Payments when he can,  
And slowly shews himself an Honest Man:  
But I ne'er heard of B<sup>m</sup>-dy's Payments yet,  
Either in ready Money, or in Wit.  
Then rest contented, as a Man should be,  
Sir Richard ne'er will say the same of Thee.

*A Reply to the Story of the Greek Chevalier.*

**I**F Monarch's (as you'll hav't) on Trust reward,  
 I shall not ask why *Sh—ld* was prefer'd?  
 But I'll be sworn, and vouch, it as 'tis true,  
 That Author's baulk'd, who waits Rewards from you.

*To the same.*

**I**F you'r a *L<sup>or</sup>—d*, as whispering Fame reports,  
 And know the Constitutions well of Courts,  
 Does not your Honour think 'twould be a hard case,  
 He could not make a Knight, who made a *M—* *Is*

*To the Unworthy Author of the Verses on the Satyr  
 against Wit.*

**I**F *B<sup>askins</sup>—re* labours as he writes, to please,  
 VVhy do'st not thou consult thy Reader's Ease?  
 And hammer out a Thought may shew thy pains,  
 To countenance thy Scarcity of Brains?  
 Sence may decline, and VVie consummate may  
 VVear it self out in time, and know decay;  
 But VVie like thine, and stumbling into Rhime,  
 Defies the Injuries of Fate, or Time:  
 'Tis still the same amongst the Learn'd and VVise,  
 And as it cannot fall, it cannot rise.

*Merry Thoughts on Dr. B<sup>aynard</sup>'s Melancholy Re-  
 flections on the Deficiency of Useful Learning.*

**T**Hat *B<sup>aynard</sup>* Raves, both Friends and Foes conclude,  
 Yet neither Friends nor Foes can say he's rude;  
 Rudeness they know's a meditated Crime,  
 But *B——d* never thought in all his Time;  
 Absolve him then from Guilt, his Soul is clean,  
 For he that never *thinks*, can nothing *mean*.

*On the same, to a Friend who said Dr. B<sup>ayn</sup> Talk'd  
like an Apothecary.*

**W**ILL, thou do'st much mistake the Doctor's Parts,  
And wrong'st his Knowledge, and his great Deserts.  
He mimicks no Discourse, or Talks by Rule,  
But prattles like Himself, and that's a F<sup>ee</sup>—l.

*On the same Eternal Tatler.*

**B**<sup>ayn</sup>ay'd with noisie Cures may make us smile,  
Yet cannot shew one Bill on any File:  
What can it be that thus obstructs his Fame?

Because his Patients cannot say the same.  
He on his own Report prescribes his Pills,  
But Fame gives out, He neither Cures nor Kills.

*To a midnight Author who does not Cant I'll be Sworn.*

**T**Hat C—— Drinks hard, and late in Taverns sits,  
'Tis known for *Truth* amongst the Bow-street Wits;  
But I deny that VVitness can be brought  
That C—— was ever Drunk with too much *Thought*.

*The Adviser taken to Task.*

**I**F Knighthood only be the Hero's Right,  
VVhat made a certain Man at Will's, a Knight,  
Who never burn'd a Town, or gain'd a Fight?  
Sir, you remember certainly what scores  
Your Bombs defeated, of dull Sunburn'd Moors,  
And how 'twas counted Valour to retreat,  
And Nobler to be beaten than be beat.  
Then pray deal fairly, and with Fame agree,  
Owning the Justice of the Doctor's Plea;  
Since He for saving many lives, is known,  
VVhen Thou just sav'dst thy self, and that is One. To

*To the same.*

**T**He Parliament who cry'd down Squibbs and Rockets,  
 Provided for our Safeties and our Pockets.  
 Not thinking Engineers in warlike times,  
 Instead of Squibbs wou'd fall a making Rhimes  
 But 'tis no matter, Knight, pursue thy Punns;  
 They'l do as little Mischief as thy Guns.

*To a Great Man who makes himself Little.*

**W**ere I to turn Phylician, and prescribe  
 To certain P—— a most facetious Tribe,  
 I'de not make use of Syringes, and Tricks  
 To cure their Ulcers, and to mend their  
 That Ladies *foul* might hug 'em in their Arms,  
 And praise their Money, while They praise their Charms.

**N**o, I'd another sort of Cure begin,  
 And leave their Running Nags to smart for Sin,  
 As I prescrib'd *Refringents* in my Bills,  
 To cure the *running* Humours of their Quills,  
 And make 'em some more noble Frolick seek;  
 Not try to write that Senec, They cannot speak.

To T<sup>m</sup> B<sup>rown</sup> upon His concealing his Name, when  
 He made the Author of the Satyr against Wit,  
 the Subject of his harmless Satyr for concealing  
 His.

SOME Folks may write, and writing be conceal'd,  
 When such as *Thou* take pains to be reveal'd.  
 Scandal's a sort of Wit thou giv'st the Town,  
 And a B<sup>rown</sup>'s Works speak nothing but a B—.  
 As thy lewd Muse with Infamy her Task  
 Cannot, because she's poor, provide a Mask.

No more than when her Master in a hant,  
 Resolving to be Cudgell'd, or to Beat;  
 For want of Cane-Man's Faith, and want of Pence,  
 Could get a Stick to shew his want of Sence.

To the Same.

JOB, as thou say'st, being willing to forget  
 The Cause, for which thou mad'st him storm and fret,  
 Plundg'd into *Levi's* Screams to seek relief,  
 And lost the sad remembrance of his Grief.

But take my word, Sir Richard need not use  
 That method for the Scandal of thy Muse:  
 For what e're flows from such a trifling Sor,  
 Dies of it self, and's born to be forgot.

*To the same.*

**T**OM, take my word, thou'st done like Man of Skill,  
 And I applaud the Conquest of thy Quill;  
 The *Wife* and *Satan* fail'd in *Their* design;  
 But thou had'st brought their *Wish* about in thine.  
 Thou teachest *Job* most heartily to *Curse*;  
*Satan* could ne're have taught him what was worse.

So well thou'st play'd the subtle Tempter's part;  
 Yet he must give precedence to thy Art.  
 As full of Wonder we can neither grant,  
 Or *Job* the greater *Fiend*, or *B*<sup>etter</sup> the greater *Saint*.

*To an Epigrammatic Parson.*

**T**Is false, leud Priest, I speak it to thy Face;  
 As are thy Actions infamous and base.  
 His Satyr tickle? No, it cannot be;  
 Especially that part which touches Thee.

Wounds almost cur'd, Experience will teach,  
 May have a Titillation, and an Itch.  
 But as for *Thine*, I'de have *Thee* rest assur'd,  
 Thou'lt ne're be *rickled*, who can'st ne're be *cured*.

*A Consolatory Paper of Verses to Dr. D---ke, upon  
the News that He commended the 4th. Edition  
of Dr. Garth's Dispensary, and could not get His  
own Translation of Herodotus to bear One.*

**B**old thy Attempt, let Truth and Friendship speak,  
In these dull Times to venture forth at Greek,  
And dare to *Construe* and *Translate* with speed,  
What Gentlemen of Practice could not read.

Yet as Success not always waits the Brave,  
And Heroes lose the Laurel for the Grave;  
So tho' thy Volumes by their Bulk disclose,  
What havock thou hast made of Sense and Prose.  
Yet to our sorrow We, thy Friends, behold  
Thy Price beat down, and ev'ry Sheet unfold;  
While other Versions are receiv'd and bought,  
*Pigmies in Mischiefs to the Giant thought.*

However, Man, take heart of Oak, and dare  
Ev'n still to miew the World thy *stupid* Care,  
To mangle others Works thy time employ,  
Fools may, perhaps, at last be found to buy;  
And thou acknowledg'd with thy skillful Pen,  
As fit to murder *Sense*, as murder *Men*.

O D---ke! How great shall be thy future Name!  
What multitudes of *Trunks* shall speak thy Fame!  
*Band-Box* shall in thy Vindication file,  
And many a Cook with thee defend his Pies,  
Which otherwise ( I'm to thy merit just )  
Would never tempt *Young Children* with their *Crust*.

Then

Then take Thy Pen, as Men of Letters shou'd,  
 And Scribe for succeeding Trader's good.  
 What ! If some certain Booksellers agree  
 Not to be Broke by such a Scribe as Thee,  
 'Tis Ten to One, but Thou a Chap may'st find  
 Among the Trading sort of Human Kind,  
 Who for the sake of dealing once in Greek,  
 Will take it off Thy hands, and nobly break.

Arise then, Friend, and reassume thy Pen,  
 And swear By G-d, tis good, like Ancient Ben ;  
 Like a true Author magnifie thy Pains,  
 And tell Ben T. <sup>as</sup> he has no Guts in a Brains,  
 Who durst such *useful Knowledge* to decry,  
 He cannot *understand*, who does not *buy*.

These are the ways preceeding Writers us'd  
 When once hung by, and Their own Price refus'd,  
 And These, my Friend, are what the *present* tread,  
 As soon as flighted and return'd unread.

Curse ev'ry thing in Print which has Success,  
 Make Author's write, and Readers buy, by guess,  
 Like Paper Kites, let other's Labour's fly,  
 And by mere force of Wind be born on high.  
 But rest assur'd, and ease in Thy Mind,  
 Thy Volumes dare the most Tempestuous Wind,  
 Though North and South, and each contending Blast  
 Should in united Storms their Furies cast,  
 Unmov'd by Force, and uninform'd by Sence,  
 Stupidity shall be their safe Defence ;  
 Fix'd to their Shelv's no Winds can make 'em rise,  
 And there Thou'lt let 'em lie, if thou art wise.

To Mr. F. M. on his Incomprehensible Farce,  
which goes by the Name of the Generous  
Choice.

By a Lady.

**T**hy Thoughts were never great, it's very plain,  
By this poor Trifling product of Thy Brain;  
But I, in question do my Judgment call,  
If Thou had'st Brains, Thou would'st not write at all.

To the same, on his Poem, call'd Greenwich-  
Hill.

By another Lady.

**L**awyer, and Bard, believe me for Thy Friend,  
If I Thy stupid Poem don't Commend.  
The Lady's are Indebted to Thy Quill,  
And Greenwich must acknowledge Thy good will;  
But now Thou'lt prais'd 'em both, dear Scribbler, see  
If any Fools will do the same by Thee.

*A Pun, by Mr. D— P—*

*To T<sup>o</sup> B<sup>ro</sup> upon his Witche's Trusty Broomstaff.*

**B**Y all the Puns that D— I ever made,  
Most wisely fitted, and most bravely said,  
Broomstaff must own, if Broomstaff had a Tongue,  
It owes it's chiefest glory to thy Song.

Trusty's a Noble Epithet, and Safe,

A Witch can never fall from such a Staff:

But Thou must own, if Thou'dst to Truth be just,

Thou'dst sooner give a *Vimmer*, if He'd *Trog*.

*To the same, by one who is Free of the Sadler's  
Company.*

**T**HAT we have wooden Horses at our Doors,  
Is full as True as Thine has Chalks and Scores,  
Our's stand without, but *Thomas*, 'tis no Sin,  
To say, Thy Garret has an *Als* within.

*To the Infamous Poetaster at Will's Coffee-House*

**I**F Wit (as Thou art told) is a Disease,  
Thou need'st not give Sir R— *Blackmore* Fees,  
For ev'ry Fool, with any Brains, must own,  
He cannot Purge off Humours, where are none.

*To the Gentleman whom Dr. C<sup>o</sup>-lb<sup>at</sup>-ch Cur'd of the Gout.*

**S**IR, If you feign would shew the Doctor's Skill,  
Ask Him, who Cur'd your *Legs*, to cure your *Quill*,  
And You will never Write so cur'd all.

*To the same.*

**S**IR, We Rejoyce to hear that You are sound,  
That you drink Wine, and send the Glasses round;  
That Punks no more your want of Strength upbraid,  
But all Love's reck'nings now are fully paid.  
E'en take the Manly Pleasures of the Field,  
And follow the Delights which Dramasyield.  
But be Advis'd, and once, I beg You, think,  
Quit the Debauches of Leud Pen and Ink.  
The Doctor's Mother Thought, 'tis very plain,  
Amongst Her Childbed Pangs, and felt the Pain;  
But Your's ne're Thought at all, I durst believe,  
By the few signs of *Thought* Your Writings give.

*To a Blustering Poet, who never Spoke or Wrote any thing that was taken notice of before.*

**T**ell Thee Man, thy Charges I defie,  
Straddle and Damn Thy self, why, what care I,  
Put off the Fool, and he'll put off his Rhimes,  
For *Fool's* make Poets in our Senceless Times:  
Be *Wise* in Day-time, and be *Chast* at Night,  
And That's the way to make Him cease to Write.

*To*

*An Epigram on T—m B—n.*

**H**OW B—n was born in Garret or in Cell,

Let those determine who can better tell;

Or for what Ends the vengeful Heav'n's design'd

This Pestilence of Wit and human Kind:

But this I dare affirm, without a Lie,

His Epigrams are only born to die.

*On the Same.*

**I**F Artbur from a Ravish'd Parent came,

Thy Ballad's merry Birth is much the same;

For Thou (believe it Bard without Offence)

Writing, dost still commit a Rape on Sense.

*An Epigram flung away on a certain Ballad-making Senator.*

**W**HERE N—n lives I cannot tell,

If ne'er to fain I wou'd;

But N—n this I know full well,

Where'er the Maggot makes you dwell,

You'll never do much good.

*Notes on the two Celebrated Copies in the Commendatory Verses, to let the Reader know the difference between the faithfulness of their Epitome and our Copies; taken Verbatim from their own Words, without the omission of one Line.*

**B**Y Nature meant, by Want a Pedant made;

Bl—ck—re at first set up the Whipping Trade,

Had'st Thou been whipp'd Thou ne'er would'st school up words

Grown

Grown fond of Buttocks he would lash no more,  
But kindly cur'd the A—se he gall'd before :

*And prithee where's the Sin to cure a Sore ?*

So Quack commenc'd ; thence fierce with Pride he swore  
That Tooth-Ach, Gripes, and Corns, should be no more :

*Had he said Fops, thou'd'st call his Mother Whore.*

In vain his Drugs, as well as Birch he try'd,  
His Boys grew Block-heads, and his Patients dy'd,

*Then Thou hast got the Block-heads on thy Side.*

Next he turn'd Bard and mounted on a Cart,  
Whose hideous Rumbling made Apollo start ;

*Doubtless thy Coachman drives with Ease and Art.*

Burlesqu'd the bravest, wisest Son of Mars,  
In Ballad-Rhimes and all the Pomp of Farce,

*A Commendation fit to wipe his A—se.*

Still he chang'd Callings, and at length has hit  
On Business, for his matchless Talent fit  
To give us Drenches for the Plague of Wit.

*Thou need'st no Drench take Bl—re's Word for it.*

Bold thy Attempt in these hard Times to raise  
In our unfriendly Clime the tender Bays,

*But bolder thine thy Country to dispraise.*

While Northern Blasts drive from the neighb'ring Flood,  
And nip the springing Lawrel in the Bud ;

*Thou thine e'er sprung I never understood.*

On such bleak Paths our present Poets tread,  
The very Garland withers on each Head,

*When thou hast none to wither, as it's said.*

In vain the Criticks strive to purge the Soil,  
Fertile in Weeds it mock's their busy Tail,

*And D—ke's shoot up to be a C—er's Foyl.*

Spon-

Spontaneous Crops of Job's and Arthur's rise,  
 Whose tow'ring Nonsense braves the very Skies,  
*While poor Herodotus unprinted lies.*

Like Paper-Kites the empty Volumes fly,  
 And by meer force of Wind are rais'd on high;

*Thy Works would do the same if T<sup>oo</sup>—ke would buy.*  
 While we did these with stupid Patience spare,  
 And from Apollo's Plants withdrew our Care;

*The Plants far'd ne'er the worse I durst to swear.*  
 The Muses Garden did small Product yield,  
 And Hemp and Hemlock over-ran the Field;

*I warrant 'twas because thou laid'st conceal'd.*  
 'Till skilful Garth with Salutory Hand,  
 Taught us to Weed and Cure Poetick Land;  
*But thou ne'er learn'd'st the Cure I understand.*

Grubb'd up the Brakes and Thistles which he found,  
 And sow'd with Verse and Wit the sacred Ground,  
*Not Verse and Wit like thine, which cannot wound.*

But now the Riches of that Soil appear,  
 Which four fair Harvels yield in half a Year;  
*Four more than thy Translation e'er will bear.*

No more let Criticks of the Want complain,  
 Of Mantuan Verse or the Maonian Strain:  
*For those two Books are in the Press again.*

Above 'em Garth does on their Shoulders rise,  
 And, what our Language wants, his Wit supplies;  
*Who says the same of Thine by Heaven lies.*

Fam'd Poets after him shall stretch their Throats,  
 And unfledg'd Muses chirp their Infant Notes;  
*Unfledg'd I guess because they have no Coats.*

Yes

Yes Garth; thy Enemies confess thy Store;  
 They burst with Envy, yet they long for more,  
*A sort of Envy never known before.*  
 Ev'n we, thy Friends, in doubt thy Kindness call,  
 To see thy Stock so large and Gifts so small,  
*Some Folks had lik'd him, if no Gift at all.*  
 But Jewels in small Cabinets are laid,  
 And richest Wines in little Casks convey'd;  
*Thou seldom drink'st those Wines I am afraid.*  
 Let lumpish Black<sup>be</sup> his dull Hackney Reight;  
 And break his Back with heavy Folio's Weight,  
*For which if I were He, I'd break thy Pate.*  
 His Pegasus is of the Flanders Breed,  
 And Limb'd for Draught or Burthen, not for Speed;  
*A Sign his Strength of Thought does thus exceed.*  
 With Cap<sup>it</sup> Horse, though he swears beneath the Pack,  
 Of Rhiming Prose, and Knighthood on his Back;  
*A Burthen thou'lt ne'er bear, malicious Quack.*  
 Made for a Drudge e'en let him beat the Road,  
 And tug of senseless Reams th' Heroick Load;  
*Thou hast Reams, by thee cannot get abroad.*  
 Till overstrain'd, the Jade is set, and tires,  
 And sinking in the Mud with Groans expires;  
*Who say thy Muse can sink are errant Lyars.*  
 Then Black<sup>be</sup> shall this Favour owe to Thee;  
 That thou perpetuatest his Memory;  
*Collier has done the very same by Thee.*  
 Bavius and Megillus to their Works survive,  
 And in one single Line of Virgil's live;  
*A Gift which all Thy Lines can never give.*

F I N I S.